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|  | Somewhere at some time They committed themselves to me And so, I was! Small, but I WAS! Tiny, in shape Lusting to live I hung in my pulsing cave. Soon they knew of me My mother --my father. I had no say in my being I lived on trust And love Tho' I couldn't think Each part of me was saying A silent 'Wait for me I will bring you love!' I was taken Blind, naked, defenseless By the hand of one Whose good name Was graven on a brass plate in Wimpole Street, and dropped on the sterile floor of a foot operated plastic waste bucket. There was no Queens Counsel To take my brief. The cot I might have warmed Stood in Harrod's shop window. When my passing was told My father smiled. No grief filled my empty space. My death was celebrated With tickets to see Danny la Rue Who was pretending to be a woman Like my mother was.   Spike Milligan |